

# LESLIE'S

## ILLUSTRATED

# WEEKLY



*Aburges -*

**The Low Beginning of a Marvelous Career**  
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WHEN A THREE YEAR-OLD BOY, HUNGRY  
 FOR KNOWLEDGE, READING A BOOK BY THE DIM  
 FIRELIGHT IN HIS RUDY LOG-CABIN HOME.

*From the painting by Eastman Johnson.  
 Photograph by Richmond, New York.*



# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

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## The First Republican President.

AS THE first and the greatest of Republican Presidents, Abraham Lincoln was certain to have a large place in the history of the past half a century. Ever since his election in 1860, the name of Lincoln has been the dominant force in the nation, except during Mr. Cleveland's two terms, and in only two years of his term was his party in complete control of the government. By the election of Mr. Taft's term the Republican party will have held sway in the nation for fifty-two years, except during the Cleveland interregnum.

In various aspects of his career Lincoln is treated in other parts of this issue of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**. Here he will be spoken of primarily as a Republican chief. He was one of the founders of the Republican party, was among the earliest and most ardent exponents of its creed, and was a vigorous supporter of Fremont, the party's first presidential candidate. The Democratic leaders saw something portentous in the fact that the Republican party, in its second presidential canvass, carried the country. The Democratic vote, too, may be said to have once done this, for 1860, but in which Jefferson was elected, was the second contested presidential campaign, Washington having been chosen in 1789 and 1792 without opposition. The Whigs were won in their second presidential battle, that of 1840.

But in the Republican case the triumph was far more remarkable. Except for two terms in which the Whigs were the ascendant power, the Republican party had swayed the country for sixty years at the time when Lincoln was elected. Neither the Federalist nor the Whig party had shown any such coherence or vitality. Lincoln's election in 1860, therefore, surprised the world. It meant a sweeping break with the old order. It brought not only the opening of a new chapter in the country's history, but the triumph of a new ideal. It ejected a halt on the spread of slavery. It was a victory for a new and higher form of civilization than had previously registered itself in national politics.

Lincoln, however, was something more than a chief of the Republican party. As the head of the government during the greatest crisis which it met, it was the establishment of a new thing that he represented, supported by many men of other parties besides his own. In his second election the distinctive designation Republican was dropped from the head of his ticket. He was the Republican, not the Republican of the campaign of 1864, though, of course, three-fourths of the votes which he received were cast by Republicans. The exigencies of his position compelled him to rise above party. No longer can his fame be claimed as a strictly Republican asset. More and more, as the years pass, his birthday anniversary is celebrated by Democrats and Republicans alike. The time is close when all partisan observations will be as absent from the Lincoln observances as they have always been from the Washington birthday celebrations.

## The Insubordinate Wilcox.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, for a man of his decisive character, has shown rare forbearance in his toleration of Dr. Wiley, the pure food doctor. Dr. Wiley, through the friendly co-operation of newspaper men, made good ground; he has successfully cultivated, in his own person, a bigger man than any of his superiors, including the Secretary of Agriculture and the President himself. He has been charged with responsibility, in part at least, for much of the unfavorable criticism of the Secretary of Agriculture, and has been empowered to check his activities in the wrong direction. Recently a Cincinnati doctor, named Reed, while attending the meeting of the committee on legislation of the American Medical Association at Washington, declared that the Remsen referee board, appointed by the President to settle the conflicting claims put forward by Dr. Wiley and the manufacturers, was really a committee of Dr. Wiley's work. The President, according to a Washington dispatch to the *New York Sun*, from which we quote, promptly demanded to know whether Dr. Reed's views represented those of the association. He was answered in the negative, and the association adopted a resolution disavowing Reed's utterances.

The people of the United States have a great obligation to President Roosevelt and his supporters in Congress for the passage of a pure-food law to prevent the sale of unwholesome food products. We regard it as a great misfortune that the Secretary of Agriculture has permitted to intrude upon the operations of the statute nations so unbusinesslike that the President was compelled to appoint a referee board, with superior jurisdiction to run upon the statute, constantly arising between Dr. Wiley and the manufacturers of food products, who are anxious to obey the law, but who resent unnecessary interference with their business. We are amazed at the consideration Dr. Wiley

has received not only at the hands of the President, but from a far too patient Secretary of Agriculture.

## The Lesson Tillman Teaches.

SENATOR TILLMAN'S explanation of the accusation against him is accepted as consistent with his honesty only because it is believed to be an honest man. His experience, we hope, will teach a lesson to him and to others in and out of Congress. Mr. Tillman and everybody else in this age of muck-raking, yellow journalism, and personal abuse have all been too willing to accept scandalous rumor as substantiated fact. A letter dated from his connections is presented as positive truth of wrongdoing, as in the case of Senator Tillman, and judgment is hastily rendered without giving the accused his day in court.

Mr. Tillman is not the only sufferer. He deserved his experience, for he has been a conspicuous offender. He has just shown to the public that a Senator may say one thing on the floor of Congress, and say another, and apparently a different thing, in his private correspondence, and yet be able to connect the one with the other and both with the truth. Thus, what appears on its face to be inconsistent may really be consistent, and the charge may be shown to be proven, may, after a fair explanation, just as clearly be shown to be false. Senator Foraker and the much-talked-of Archbold letters serve as quite a striking illustration of the injustice of judgment as does Senator Tillman's case. Senator Foraker made an explanation of the stolen letters sent out in every unclouded and unbiased mind, but justice is tardy and the man charged is condemned on *ex-parte* evidence or on statements he may make on a scrap of paper, without the chance for explanation. President Roosevelt himself had some experience early in his political career that justifies his observation. Many public men in the annals of our country have been charged with a crime, prejudiced public without a hearing and without a chance for an explanation, and Mr. Roosevelt had a narrow escape from similar treatment. It will be recalled that, in 1888, the political bosses of New York who opposed Roosevelt's nomination for the governorship were prepared to spring upon the State convention at Oyster Bay a resolution signed by him that, as a resident of Washington, he had been in the city at the payment of the personal taxes levied against him in New York. If Mr. Roosevelt were not a citizen of New York, but of the District of Columbia, his affidavit indicated, he was clearly ineligible for the governorship.

The anti-Roosevelt men were prepared to spring this surprise upon the State convention, but Secretary Root, in presenting Mr. Roosevelt's name, defended his candidate in such a masterly way that the crowd proceeded to the nomination. Mr. Root declared that there are two kinds of residences, one permanent and legally equivalent to a domicile, and this residence is the one which makes citizenship and the other the relation between the citizen and his State. He showed that Mr. Roosevelt meant, in his affidavit, that he was residing in Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy for the purpose of performing duties, and that this was a temporary residence which did not affect his legal residence in Oyster Bay. Yet, on the naked affidavit prepared by Mr. Roosevelt's lawyer, and signed by the former, it might very properly have been assumed that he was on record as giving the location of his residence outside the State of New York.

That oral, and not Mr. Roosevelt's, had been accepted as final and conclusive, and if he had not had a strong and convincing defender on the platform at the Saratoga convention, he would not now be President of the United States. The charges since have been retired to private life. The time has gone by when any public man, without full opportunity to defend himself, should be challenged on a statement, that oral, and not his own, was taken as evidence. He has been charged with making. We trust that Senator Tillman's bitter experience will serve as a timely and salutary lesson to all those who stand ready to convict first and to take testimony afterward.

## Pain Truth.

THERE seems to be some question as to what the President meant by the expressions he used in his message regarding Congress and the secret service. The President's explanations have not been withdrawn, and Congress feels that it has a right to know what was intended to be meant, and that it will satisfy itself if it does not take steps to make the meaning clear. It is not necessary to know the fact remains that the whole secret-service system is such a nature that its work should be more carefully regulated. Intended, as it originally was, for the detection of counterfeiters and criminals of that class,

there is neither right nor reason why it should be used for any other purpose. It certainly should not be used, as it has been of late, for fishing excursions, most of them needless and some of them intolerably expensive, and to obtain evidence not the emergency which the makers are assailing. Congress should define the limitations of the work of the secret service clearly and make the appropriations for this item accordingly.

THAT was a timely admonition of the President, in his recent speech at Augusta, Ga., that the Constitution of the United States can still be trusted as adequate for all emergencies. Admitted, said Judge Taft, that it sometimes seems to be in the way of direct effectiveness, "yet that Constitution, simple, clear, and comprehensive, has in the past been capable of so fair construction as to meet in a marvelous way the developments and emergencies of our country, and I am very certain that the same Constitution will meet the emergency which is to come in the future." In all his numerous speeches since his nomination and since election, Judge Taft has justified the belief of his friends in his judicial temperament and well-considered conservatism. He has promised to faithfully carry out the pledges of his party, and there is nothing inconsistent in this with his promise of trusting the Constitution in action to meet all emergencies. The Republican party has always found its greatest strength in the provisions of the Constitution. It is this instrument that controls our government, and it is this instrument that co-ordinate branches of the Federal government. The people look forward with hopeful anticipation to the coming of Taft's administration.

WHAT a contemptible, narrow-minded exhibition Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, recently made in the Senate, insulting the judiciary of the United States by suggesting that the judges were on the pay-rolls of corporations while they drew their salaries as judges! We are not surprised that Senator Tillman, who is a wicked politician, asked Tillman to recall it; but we are surprised, in view of the latter's recent explanation of a suspicious circumstance affecting his own record, that he should have done this. The words: "I simply have the suspicion and will not withdraw it." If, on a mere suspicion, Mr. Tillman is prepared to make such a serious charge against the judiciary, why should he be so sure of his own suspicion, he is accused of seeking to take advantage of his senatorial office to personally benefit himself and his family. We have of late the explanation the Senator made seemed to establish his innocence. That explanation, however, was not accepted by others, and for that reason he may still regard himself as under suspicion. Does he believe that this justifies a renewal of the charge? He is entitled to any fair consideration than he gives to the judges? To quote the language of our esteemed contemporary, the *New York Tribune*: "If on mere 'suspicion' he can smirch the judiciary by saying that some of its members are on the pay-rolls of corporations, what withering scorn would be heaped on a judge who admitted using his official influence in such an easier 'for himself and others' to take up land at bargain rates!"

IN NOTHING has President Roosevelt better shown his aptitude to meet an emergency than in his prompt and vigorous effort to prevent the Legislature of California from passing a law which would have given the Japanese the right of citizenship with Japan. The action of the business men of California, in taking the President's view of the case and resenting the effort of cheap demagogues to pass legislation setting the social standing and personal rights of the Japanese in California, shows that the best elements of the State have no sympathy with the anti-Japanese Commercial Union. Secretary Straus, whose position gives him accurate knowledge of the situation, ridicules the stories of an influx of Japanese laborers; and the President has shown that the nation is not in any danger of being swamped instead of increasing, and that our cordial relations with Japan are being wickedly jeopardized by the pending legislation in California. The President has asked the earnest cooperation of the chambers of commerce societies in his effort to prevent the passage of this legislation. He feels that if the people of the coast refuse to support his administration has been making to secure a satisfactory settlement with Japan, they would not seek to endanger the situation by unnecessary and insulting legislation against the Japanese. Commercial bodies throughout the country, who desire to maintain peaceful relations with all great nations, and especially to secure our part of the trade of the Orient, should lose no time in getting behind the President in his effort to prevent the passage of California in the fight they are making against a lot of self-seeking, irresponsible, and muck-raking demagogues.



# Tragical Fate of a Big Ocean Liner

THE 15,000-TON WHITE STAR STEAMSHIP "REPUBLIC" RUN INTO AND SUNK OFF NANTUCKET, MASS., IN DARKNESS AND DENSE FOG BY THE 3,000-TON LLOYD-ITALIANO STEAMSHIP "FLORIDA"

Six persons lost their lives, a number of others were injured, and the property loss was \$2,000,000. Vessels from many miles around were summoned to the scene by the "Republic's" wireless telegraph.



THE ITALIAN STEAMSHIP "FLORIDA" AFTER HER COLLISION WITH THE "REPUBLIC" AND NOT LONG BEFORE SHE RAN—THE WHITE SPOT SHOWS THE FATAL HOLE MADE BY THE ITALIAN VESSEL



E. J. TATTERSALL, THE "BAL TIC'S" WIRELESS OPERATOR, WHO WORKED 32 HOURS



CAPTAIN A. M. RESINT, OF THE "FLORIDA," WHO DID GOOD SERVICE IN RESCUING THE SHIPWRECKED



RESCUED PASSENGERS DISSEMBARKING AT NEW YORK FROM THE "BAL TIC" CLAD IN RUNDRESCUT WARMS



THE CRIPPLED STEAMSHIP "FLORIDA," WHICH RAMMED THE "REPUBLIC," BEING TOWED INTO PORT AT BROOKLYN, N. Y. HER BOW WAS ENTIRELY TORN AWAY IN THE COLLISION AND WAS COVERED WITH CANVAS TO PREVENT FILLING



SURVIVORS OF THE "REPUBLIC" AND PASSENGERS FROM THE "FLORIDA," 1,650 IN ALL, LEAVING THE "BAL TIC" AT THE WHITE STAR DOCK, NEW YORK, AND GREETED BY A HOST OF ANXIOUS FRIENDS AND RELATIVES



CAPTAIN I. SEALBY, OF THE "BAL TIC," WHO STAYED ON HIS SHIP UNTIL THE LAST



J. E. BURNS, THE "REPUBLIC'S" WIRELESS OPERATOR, WHO STUCK TO HIS POST FOR 32 HOURS



CAPTAIN RANSON, OF THE STEAMER "BAL TIC," SUPERVISING TRANS SHIPPING OF THE RESCUED TO HIS SHIP



THE WHITE STAR STEAMSHIP "BAL TIC" ARRIVING AT NEW YORK, BEARING THE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECKED "REPUBLIC" AND PASSENGERS OF THE "FLORIDA"

Photographs by H. D. Blauvelt.

# The Unanswered Questions of a New Popular Play

By Harriet Quimby

HOW "The Battle," the new sociological play by Mr. Cleveland Moffett, came to be written is a question which presents itself to every thinking person who attends this most-discussed theatrical production of the season. Mr. Moffett is undoubtedly responsible for one of the most absorbing entertainments in New York, whether we agree or not with some of the social problems. The hero in "The Battle" is a multi-millionaire, who believes that every man is responsible for the financial condition under which he lives. Poverty is the result of an idle brain and of extravagant habits, he contends, and he goes to prove that there is at least an element of truth in his view. The play is filled with unanswered questions.

"Start a trust on nothing and in so short a time! Impossible!" "Drew his characters from real life, no doubt." "One-sided argument," are some of the observations which by back and forth between the acts of "The Battle," which, with Mr. Wilton Lackaye in the chief role, is playing to a mixed audience of millionaires and socialists every evening. "Bought by the trusts," "A rich man's play," are some of the accusations brought against the playwright. "Supposed to be Rockefeller—that *Haggleton*," says a man, indicating the character assumed by Mr. Lackaye, and so the interest is kept at white heat.

"How did I come to write it?" repeated Mr. Moffett, in reply to the question which had been brought home for solving. "It is a long story—one covering six years—and it will amuse you when I tell you that I was a radical when the groundwork of the play was sketched in, and I am still a radical, for that matter. Six years ago I wrote a series of articles attacking the rich man. They were entitled, 'The Shameful Misuse of Wealth,' and they contained facts which I had gathered from a careful investigation of East Side conditions. I still think these shameful misuses of wealth, but I have come to recognize that there are two sides to the story. A few years after those articles were published, my theories were exploited in a book which I called 'A King in Rags.' From the book the play was finally evolved—so there you are."

"The Battle" is not a mushroom growth, but was practically six years in the making. The final development of what has since turned out to be a play took place during a symphony concert in Carnegie Hall. While listening to the music he thought came, apparently from a clear sky, for I was given up to the enjoyment of the melody. "Why not write a play in which your hero is a rich man who goes down into the slums to rescue his boy?" The situation seemed a possible one. I took it home to think over, and I finally worked it out in a four-act drama, which I called "The Dreamer." The hero of the play was *Phillip*, and the four acts were written around *Phillip's* views, as follows: "Poverty is an ugly beast, a Frankenstein monster, created by the greedy and luxurious rich for their own undoing. Poverty breeds seven plagues: Ignorance, Disease, Drunkenness, Hunger, Nakedness, Vice, and Crime, which seven war ceaselessly upon society until they destroy it."

"*Haggleton's* views in 'The Dreamer' were that poverty was the lot of the weak and the unworthy, the survival of the fittest. *Gentle* grew much as he has remained in 'The Battle,' with his contention that poverty would disappear if there were a fair division of the products of toil. The play was primary and didactic, and—it failed. There was nothing new in the situations. It was the same old story of the attack on wealth which has been made by many playwrights during the last decade and before. Returning on a mental tour through my slim investigations of former years, the imprudence of the tenement dwellers struck me, and I began to gather facts from the other side. I rewrote the play more with the idea of making an interesting entertainment than of expounding any theory, and the result of the rewriting is 'The Battle.'"

A brief summary of Mr. Moffett's story follows: *John J. Haggleton* has been deserted by his wife

because she disapproves of his methods of gaining wealth. With her she takes her son *Phillip*. Upon her death *Phillip* is adopted by *Gentle*. The play opens twenty years later. *Phillip* has grown up with his mother's ideas of right and wrong. He is an expert diver and he receives fair remuneration for his work, but, like *Gentle*, he is a socialist and he resents against the indifference of the rich toward the suffering of the poor. *Haggleton* is the owner of the "lung block" on which the curtain rises in the first act. During a tour of inspection *Haggleton* meets *Phillip* and hears the boy frankly express his views. He learns later from *Gentle* that *Phillip* is the son from whom he has so long been separated. Recognizing the futility of trying, as a millionaire, to win even the respect of *Phillip*, *Haggleton* proposes to renounce his wealth for a time, to take another name, become a tenement worker, and prove to *Phillip* the fallacy of socialism.

Without drawing on his own resources, and starting out with only an active brain to aid him, *Haggleton* in a very short time—three days, in fact—has started a bakery trust by organizing into a body the very men who have heretofore so bitterly opposed trusts. On showing the ignorant bakers that, by combining forces, they can buy flour in larger quantities with less money; that, by installing a kneading machine which at a central station will knead the dough of all the bakers, they can lessen the force of men employed by each; and, last but not least, that by the power of their combined force, they can com-

pet all the bakeries in their vicinity to join them or be crushed out, he finds them more than willing to combine. Even the most ardent socialists forget their doctrines in the desire to get the best of the situation, at whatever cost to their neighbors. When even *Phillip*, who has so cordially opposed the methods of the trusts, begins to amend his prejudices and to scheme with the rest, the rich man steps aside in the audience, on the other side of the footlights, is obliged to smile in appreciation of Mr. Moffett's comprehension of poor, frail human nature.

Does not the accounting of *Haggleton's* success (impossible) was suggested to Mr. Moffett. "You mean that bake-shop scheme?" he returned. "No; I scheme with the rest, the rich man, the capitalist member, is a man accustomed to thinking, to battling with problems. He is accustomed to taking big risks, and the idea of starting a bakery trust with no capital of his own except an active brain is a perfectly natural one. It is possible to make money without a starting capital. Take, for instance, that simple little matter of the transfer slips used by the metropolitan railroads and the printing on the backs of them. A penniless man with the idea could have realized the half million or so of dollars which that one has been worth, just as quickly as a moneyed man could have done. The success lay in the thinking of it. I do not claim that I could do it, or that any one particular man could do it, but I maintain my point that it could be done."

"I have been assailed for introducing the shooting incident in 'The Battle,'" continued Mr. Moffett, where *Moran*, the foreman in a bake shop, in a frenzy of rage against the capitalist, for no other reason than that he is a capitalist, shoots him—an incident which seems to foretell that the issue of the socialists' dream would be violence. "I answer to that, I can only point to the very noticeable fact that during the meeting of the socialistic sympathizers in the theater one Sunday evening—a body which had gathered to express their theories and to discuss my play—every reference to violence which was made was greeted by enthusiastic applause, while the same and sounder methods of solving the great problem were received in silence."

The last act of the play at the Savoy discloses the Fifth Avenue home of *Haggleton*, and the curtain falls on the scene of *Haggleton* and *Phillip*, who have become reconciled, together with *Gentle*, discussing the ways and means by which ten million dollars, which *Haggleton* proposes to give to charity, can be distributed without pauperizing the very people whom they would seek to help. One proposed model tenements, only to have the fact recalled that many bathtubs on the east side are used for coal bins. Another thinks that a home for tubercular patients would be the ideal way of spending the money, but it is argued that all the people who suffer from poverty are not suffering from pauperism; and the curtain falls with the three puzzling over the question which has puzzled more than one philanthropist in real life.

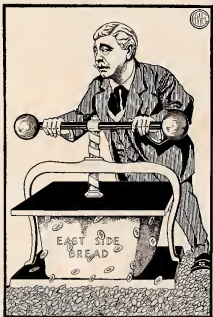
"Why have I not answered that problem of how best to distribute great wealth to the greatest good?" said Mr. Moffett. "Because I do not know, and the easiest way was to drop the curtain and have the audience work it out for themselves. I once made herculean effort to find so intelligent and possible mode of giving away money—a problem which had never been satisfactorily solved. I have talked with the chiefs of various charity organizations, only to find that, like *Haggleton* and *Phillip* and *Gentle* in 'The Battle,' they each had a different and generally unsatisfactory theory. Everything they proposed had been tried without satisfactory result. The central bureau of labor seems to me to be the only rational method by which rich men may do permanent good—a bureau where men and women could be sent to work where workers are needed; but that, too, has its drawbacks, in the objection of the people, many of whom would refuse to leave the cities to which they have been accustomed, finding no liking for life in the country, being, in fact, unfitted for it; so I leave the question in the play just where I am obliged to leave it now—unanswered."

Mr. Moffett, who at one leading reached a place among the leading playwrights of the day, now at work upon another play, which, before the first line was written, was contradicted for by an enterprising manager fifteen minutes after the author had outlined the theme.

"My new play will be a love story," said Mr. Moffett, "or perhaps I should say a passionate drama, containing an idea so gripping and so different from anything that has gone before that it cannot be totally ignored, even though it fails. The name of the play will be 'Ester Freser,' and the play will deal with the elemental feelings."

COURTESY OF THEATRE PHOTO, NEW YORK.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT, Author of "The Battle," a strong play which attacks the socialist theory.



WHOS HERO ON THE RIALTO.

87. WILTON LACKAYE AS "JOHN J. HAGGLETON" IN "THE BATTLE."

Courtesy of E. A. Gossage.



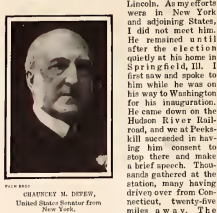
"HAGGLETON," THE MILLIONAIRE, IS FORCED TO LISTEN TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF HIS TENEMENT COMPANION—AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN "THE BATTLE"—National Photo Co.

A brief summary of Mr. Moffett's story follows: *John J. Haggleton* has been deserted by his wife

# Lincoln as a Famous Senator Knew Him

By United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York

I SPENT three months in the campaign of 1860 in the residence of Mr. Lincoln, and my efforts were in New York and adjoining States, and I met him.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,  
United States Senator from  
New York.

The chairman of the reception committee was Judge Nelson, twenty years of age, who had served in Congress with Mr. Lincoln. The President-elect stepped on to an extemporized platform and was introduced to the committee. The crowd was wild to hear Mr. Lincoln, but the judge continued speaking until the bell of the locomotive rang and the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" Mr. Lincoln hastily jumped on the platform of the car, laughing heartily at the speaker, whose arms were pestering and whose closing sentence was half finished, while the others stood frantically and then roared with rage at the judge.

When the internal-revenue system was put in operation, the Republicans of Westchester and Rockland counties united to elect a collector of the district. They gave Mr. Lincoln's friend, Judge Nelson, a formidable petition, signed by all the members of the congressional and county committees and endorsed by the chairman of the district. The way they did it received our party with great cordiality, and said, "I know of young Depew and the good work he did in his campaign; but a man named Nelson, from my district, was here yesterday and told me that my brother at a country hotel sick with the smallpox, and, while every one else fled, he remained and nursed him through it, and he is a fine fellow, a true brother, and I promised him the place." "Why," said Mr. Nelson, "he is the most bitter copperhead in the county, and has denounced you everywhere in the most virulent way." "I would not care what he said," replied the President, "is all right at the bottom and will make good, and the appointment stands."

In 1864 the Legislature of New York passed a bill to permit the soldiers from the State to vote in the pending presidential election. There were about four hundred thousand in the field, and they were in divisions, regiments, and isolated commands all over the South. The Legislature was largely Republican; the Governor, Horatio Seymour, a Democrat; and I, as secretary of state, a Republican. While in other States the collection of the soldiers' vote was given to the Governor, with us that duty was assigned to the secretary of state. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, put so many obstacles in the way that it took three months in Washington before he would grant the necessary information as to the location of New York soldiers, so that I could send out the blanks and arrange for the elections in camps and the return of the ballots and certification records. Mr. Lincoln was deeply interested in my mission, and so I saw him often under favor.

Mr. Stanton had very peremptorily refused the information, on the ground that it would come to the notice of the enemy and work irreparable damage to our army. As I was going down the hallway of the War Department, I met Elihu B. Washburne, congressman from Illinois. Mr. Lincoln's personal friend, he said, "Hello, Depew." You seem pretty mad. I told him I was, and that I was taking the next train home to inform the State that the administration would not permit the New York soldiers to vote, and that this was necessary to the success of the rebellion. "Why," he answered, "that will beat Lincoln if he runs this fall, as he will. You don't know the President. Great as he is as an executive, he is equally able as a party manager. He will get rid of Illinois, and if necessary he would go around with a carpet-bag and collect those votes himself. Wait here while I go over to the White House. In about an hour an officer came up to me and inquired if I was Secretary of State Depew, of New York; and, if so, the Secretary of War wished to see me at once. This meant leakage and collusion. I went in, and I was met most graciously, and asked me to state what I wanted. I had done it often before, to be rudely turned back, but this time he directed a general to see immediately that the information that I had given I left at midnight, with complete records. Out of three hundred thousand votes cast in the camps, two

hundred thousand were for Mr. Lincoln. He carried the vote by only seven hundred majority.

Mr. Lincoln was a thin, spare man, large boned and apparently rather loose limbed, and six feet four inches in height. He had a very homely face, with a nose projected as if weighted down by the burden of anxiety. But when earnestly discussing some question, and especially when telling a story, his countenance fairly beamed with the fire of his talk or the enjoyment of his anecdote. He always wore a black broadcloth suit, the coat a long-skirted frock, and a high vest, and, out of doors, the invariable silk top hat. His interesting figure in this dress, which was marked man in every assemblage, and especially so when he rode on horseback every afternoon to his cottage at the Soldiers' Home, accompanied by a staff of brilliantly uniformed officers. In speaking, he had a peculiar cadence in his voice. This was caused by special emphasis on some word near the middle of the sentence, and a stronger one on the last word. He spoke very deliberately, and his sentence were so carefully constructed that the two words thus made prominent gave particular point to the remark. For instance, he said to me, after narrating several stories, "They say I tell a great many stories. I reckon I do; but I have learned from long experience that plain people, take them as they run, are more easily deceived than the middle of the nation. I have a humorous illustration than in any other way; and what the hypercritical FEW may think, I don't CARE."

Mr. Lincoln possessed one of the most logical of men. His logic was for form, and he made his speeches or messages or important letters. Yet he rarely, if ever, in conversation met questions in this way. He was invariably by an anecdote in the narrative. "I am sure," he said, "that almost all the only book he had in the formative period of youth was the Bible, which he read over and over again."

When I entered into an expression of his own with Mr. Lincoln and his suggestive method of solving difficult problems. The general said that the President was anxious that Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the members of the Confederate government should escape. He felt that, if they were in custody, it would embarrass the object he most desired—the pacification of the South and the restoration of the Union with the late rebels participating as loyal citizens in all the privileges of American citizenship as before the war, under the old flag, except treason. After the confederacy broke up, the President and Cabinet were fugitives, the general, asking for orders, informed Mr. Lincoln that he could locate them every night, as they were fleeing along the coast, and he would transport them to the United States. Mr. Lincoln knew that in the inflated condition of the popular mind the people would not submit to an order for their release, but were crying for their arrest. And, in the parliament of the confederacy, in any direction, he looked the general steadily in the face for a few minutes, and then remarked, "I knew a brilliant lawyer who took to drink and sunk into the gutter. The temperance folks recognized him, and then he became their most successful lecturer. Returning to Springfield, the bar gave a dinner of 1000. The toast in his honor was 'The Union, the Union, the Union.' The guests insisted the guest should take spirits, as water would not express the warmth of their regard; and he finally yielded, by saying, 'Gentlemen, if you can put some whiskey in my glass unbeknownst to me, I will be happy to respond.'" Jefferson Davis was captured against the wishes of the President and the orders of General Sherman.

John Ganey, the leader of the war in western New York, was elected to Congress as a Democrat, but he was one of the few of his party who cordially supported the Union. At the close of the war, at a time when the country was discredited by Unionism and the issue for the Union looked very dark, Mr. Ganey became worried. He was not only entirely unprepared for the situation, but he was not in the hall. He thought Congress should be kept informed of conditions at the front, and of the army and the methods taken to retrieve disasters. The President believed such confidence would lead to help the enemy. Mr. Ganey went to the White House, had an immediate audience, and in his peremptory way said, "Mr. President, I, a Democrat, have risked my political future in supporting your administration; the situation seems perilous in the extreme, and I think I have a right to know the facts." Mr. Lincoln turned to the side for a minute, and then, looking at him, he said, "Ganey, how clean you shave!"

Thompson, Clay, and Saunders, distinguished Confederates, applied at the Confederacy at the Canadian side at Niagara Falls, and announced that they were commissioners of the Confederate government and empowered to treat for peace. Mr. Lincoln turned to the side for a minute, and then, looking at him, he said, "Ganey, how clean you shave!"

House fire, there came one day a misnive, in which the editor said, "You can now have honorable peace, and at once, and every day you delay meeting those commissioners, the blood spilled and the money wasted in this war are upon your sole responsibility." Mr. Lincoln, who was a man of great energy and misnomers have any credentials, and they were in the old days personal friends of yours, visit them quietly and let me know. I heard that the head of the headquaters of the American side, and opened formal negotiations across the river.

The country became demoralized, the army weakened, and the people were restless. The President recalled Mr. Greeley and issued a proclamation saying that if any persons had power to treat on behalf of the Confederacy, they would have safe conduct to Washington and return. Then the scheme collapsed and the commissioners vanished. Mr. Greeley, in his newspaper, maintained the authority of the commission, and blamed Mr. Lincoln for the failure of the negotiations. The President was worried, and Postmaster-General Randall said to him, "Write a letter to the public, setting forth these facts, and the country will be with you"; and other members of the Cabinet gave similar advice. Mr. Lincoln's answer was, "All the newspapers in the country would publish my letter, and so would Greeley. And he would then be in a position to contradict, and Greeley would take a line or a sentence from my letter and comment on it, and so on day after day, until everybody would believe I had admitted that I was absolutely wrong, and that I was in the wrong. No, my friends; never have a controversy with an editor, unless you own a paper of equal circulation. Your reply may put a paper in the hands of the public, but you can't get any keep off scrap of the mud he will throw on you."

Mr. Lincoln was always illustrating by anecdotes which clinched his case. He repeated them. I asked him how he obtained so many good and apt stories. He answered that for many years he traveled the circuit when Illinois was sparsely settled. The Judge, counsel, clients, witnesses, and jurors would be at the same hotel. They were all story tellers. The experiences of a virile frontier people in new and original environment furnished more and better anecdote than he could find anywhere else. He would never forget a story, and think I tell one tolerably well."

I attended a reception at the White House with Rufus F. Andrews, at the time surveyor of the port of New York. As the procession moved along by the President with the usual greetings, Mr. Lincoln detained Andrews and he remained for a long conversation, which halted the march. Curiosity was at its height not only among the guests, but in newspaper row and all over Washington as to that interesting man. Andrews, who was a man of great energy and he told me that, being at the White House the night before in a long conference over New York affairs, he had the President's new story. The procession was halted because Mr. Lincoln said in Andrews' ear, "That capital story of yours has slipped my mind; give the point of it to me now."

Mr. Lincoln's mind was always in his salvation. It carried him through trials and troubles which would have crushed ordinary men. He found relief in the dialect sermons of Orpheus C. Kerr, whose "Confederate Crossroads Statesmen" pilloried the frauds of the time. He read a chapter from Artemus Ward to an astonished Cabinet, some of whom, like Chase, were always portentously serious. And then placed before them the most important question of their lives by submitting the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation. He disposed of a committee of New York capitalists who called to say that they had been induced to sell to the Government bonds, and fearing the Confederate ironclad might enter New York harbor and bombard the city, demanded protection. The President said, "I have no money to pay the gentlemen on the committee amounted to several hundred millions of dollars. The President examined them critically for a few minutes, and then said, "Gentlemen, the government has neither the money nor the ships for what you ask; but if I had as much wealth as you say you possess and was as skilled as you are, I would find means to protect my property."

Mr. Lincoln was the best informed man in politics in the country. He knew the political conditions in all the States and kept in close touch with their organizations. He was a man of great energy and he told me that, being at the White House the night before in a long conference over New York affairs, he had the President's new story. The procession was halted because Mr. Lincoln said in Andrews' ear, "That capital story of yours has slipped my mind; give the point of it to me now."

In Lincoln's time the upper part of the White House, which was the residence of the President, was in many offices, was a large reception room. Except a

(Continued on page 114)



# Happenings of the Time Viewed through the Lens



A GREAT BANQUET OF RELIGIOUS WORKERS—CHINA DINNER, GIVEN AT THE HOTEL ASTOR, NEW YORK, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE JOINT CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN MISSION BOARDS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY MANY PROMINENT PEOPLE.—*Drexler & Co.*



INITIATION BANQUET OF THE MYSTIC FRATE OF KA, NOO, NO, OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.—THE SOCIETY IS COMPOSED OF PROMINENT CITIZENS—GOVERNOR HUGHES IS A GUEST AND WAS INITIATED AS A MEMBER UNDER AN INDIAN NAME SIGNIFYING "WAR LION".—*Smith & Holmes.*



HAVOC BROUGHT BY AN EXPLOSION AT THE ST. LOUIS HIVE AND TALLOW COMPANY, IN WHICH \$40,000 WORTH OF PROPERTY WAS WRECKED.  
*William Burton.*



REMS OF PARK SQUARE AUTO STATION, BOSTON, MASS., WHICH WAS BURNED RECENTLY, CAUSING A LOSS OF \$1,000,000.  
*Julius Drach.*



HOTEL AUSTIN, LOS ANGELES, CAL., SHATTERED AND DESTROYED BY A GAS EXPLOSION AND FIRE—SEVEN PERSONS WERE INJURED AND \$50,000 WORTH OF PROPERTY CONSUMED.—*E. J. Collier.*



# ON the WING of the WIND

By Bradley Gilman

## PART II.

IT HAD mattered little, so far as raising the kite was concerned, which direction he took with the boat—he should create his own air current; but, when the kite should enter that upper air current, its pull would be too much for the boat and its rowers. Foreseeing this, Gardner had made his dash astern, and now—now I saw him suddenly crouch in the bottom of the boat, and saw the kite, like a great, blinding double ruby hung in air, leap and slightly swerve as it caught the upper current.

The rowers ceased their efforts. Gardner paid out slowly, and I saw the boat coming back, stern on, with considerable speed.

"Stand ready, uncle!" called my nephew, and I got out a life.

Backing furiously came the little boat, and Gardner stared so as to pass close aboard. A minute or two more, and the boat seemed to be coming at me like an angry bull. Then, at the right moment, without hesitation, I threw a line to the sailors; it was seized and made fast, and I took a turn around a stay and paid out, Gardner paying out at the same time on the wire kite string. Thus, sluckening together, we stopped the rowboat gradually, and soon all were aloft, and the heavens, high in air, was towing our sharp-nosed old lugger through the water at fully eight miles an hour.

I had time now to look again at the Turk. A man in glittering uniform was standing up in the foremost rowboat, shouting and waving a large piece of paper—some document, I judged. I bowed ironically and Gardner laughed outright; then, with an inquiring glance at our impudent neighbor, the heavens, he plunged below, to inform our fugitive passenger that his chances of escape were good.

Our craft slipped smoothly over the quiet sea, the sun dropped behind the bluffs, and the two rowboats put back to the Turk.

Then, in excellent spirits, we sped on, our nerves fairly tingling with delight, and we took—as we could afford to—a factious view of the situation. "Wonder what that Turk had on his paper?" suggested Gardner. "He looked like a waiter with a bill-of-fare." Then he glanced up at the kite and remarked dryly, "Wonder what that thermometer registers? Important to get such valuable information."

The shadows fell and darkness thickened. The Turkish craft was swallowed up in black distance astern. The young Albanian now moved restlessly about the deck, watching the shore, only a quarter of a mile away; and every five minutes he shook hands, in his demonstrative way, with one or the other of us and poured out his thanks.

We were just saying something about pulling in the big box-kite, Gardner and I, for a gentle breeze had sprung up and would give us moderate speed, when we noticed lights astern of us. Then, as we listened, we heard the "Gung, chug!" of an engine. "What is that?" I asked, as much of myself as of my nephew.

"That is some steam craft, of course," responded Gardner. "I thought I made out a smoke, low down in the west, just before the darkness shut in."

We both waited and listened in silence. Yea, the sounds were more and more distinct; the stranger was drawing upon us. Our own lights were already set, so I was not afraid of being run down; but I was afraid of—Well, the same anxiety was in my nephew's mind as mine.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that some Turkish government steamer has been signaled by that fellow and is close upon us?"

"My own conjecture is against it," I replied, with conviction. And I added, "In any case, let's be ready."

Luckily Shavran Bey, at that moment, eagerly announced that the sandy cove was just off the bow, and I promptly ordered out the dingy and a couple of men. The Albanian heard the steamer astern of us, and was as anxious to leave as we were to have him go. "Good-by! Good-by!" he called, as he pushed off. "I see you—in Boston, some time." Then he was gone into the darkness.

I tried the kite wire, and it was not so tense as it had been; the upper current was feebler. "I think we may as well pull it in," I remarked; and Gardner took the wheel, while I helped wind in the kite. This took some time. I was nervous about the return of the dingy. That would be hard to explain, if it came

pulling out to us just as the Turkish steamer—assuming that it was another steamer—should run up alongside.

Happily, however, the boat returned quickly, and was towing astern, empty and innocent, when the steamer hailed us. "Aboy there!" shouted a gruff voice from the deck. "Heave to! I come 'board."

One glance at Gardner, and I shouted back, "All right! Come along!" And I ordered the wheel put hard up.

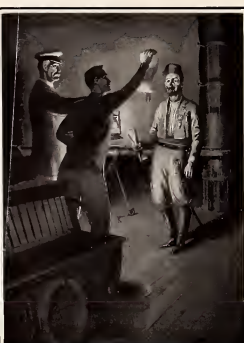
"It is the only thing to do," said Gardner. "We can't bluff him off again. That is the same chap who flourished the bill-of-fare from the rowboat. He will be just in time to see us pull in our kite and make our meteorological record." And, with subdued laughter, he came forward to assist in getting in the great aerial creature, now only a hundred yards out.

The pompous official, with two underlings, was soon stamping angrily up and down our deck. I fell back, as before, on a general solidity of demeanor, with a substratum of obstinacy. "You have some man on ship!" he roared. "You go to prison!"

"Oh, no!" I responded, with a cheerful smile. "We are Americans. We not go to prison."

"Yass! Yass! You go off I find man!" was his reply. And he held up the large sheet of paper in one hand, and slapped it violently with the other. "I search."

I looked at the document with mild interest, and shrugged my shoulders blandly. Then Gardner called out from forward, speaking very rapidly, in order to confuse the listening Turks. "Let them search! But go with them; they might steal everything we have. And bring up the record book. We must make a record of this flight. You understand." I turned to the wrathful leader and said quietly, "You wish to search? Very well. I will show you the whole vessel. Come!"



"AMERICAN CITIZEN!" EXCLAIMED MY NEPHEW DRAMATICALLY, AND HELD THE DOCUMENT ALERT.

My readiness seemed to puzzle him; he hesitated and glanced distrustfully forward at Gardner and our men. Then he went toward them, and I went also, holding a lantern so that everything might be made clear to our visitors.

The kite now came in rapidly, the Turks watching in silence. Soon Gardner pulled it aboard, and I could hardly keep a straight face as my nephew carefully took off the thermometer, consulted it seriously, and then made a record.

Our unwelcome visitors were so interested and

puzzled that they forgot their errand for a few moments; then the leader began to work himself into another rage. Evidently he did not much care to search our boat, but counted on frightening us. "See this!" he spluttered. "This—strong paper! I have right to find man."

"Which man?" I asked blandly, and waved my arm comprehensively around our group. "All our men. Which man do you mean?"

The Turk exploded in what seemed to be a torrent of profanity. Clearly he was at his wits' end. Then Gardner slipped away toward the cabin, and the Turks watched him suspiciously. In a few moments he returned, bearing two documents. One of these I recognized. He opened it and I held up the lantern. "Our passport," he explained gently to the Turk, as if he were teaching some timid girl pupil. "It gives right to fly kites like that. See, you can read." And he pointed to the paragraph of Turkish translation, which had been pasted on when the document was vied at Constantinople. The passport had a big red seal and was impressive. It speedily quieted the radical official. His face smoothed out and his rigid body bent apologetically.

Gardner now deftly opened the other paper which he had brought. I could not make it out, except that it was very elaborate, had golden scrolls, and two gorgeous crimson seals attached by broad crimson ribbons. This magnificent document completed the Turk's discomfiture. "American citizen!" exclaimed my nephew dramatically. "He said the document aloft as if it had been a banner."

"Pardon, pardon! Thousand pardons!" burst out the Turk, and threw his hand obsequiously to his forehead in salute. His example was promptly followed by his two aids. Then the three made haste into their boats and rowed away.

Gardner and I sat in silence. Presently I put out my hand and asked, "What in the world is that other paper you have? I nearly knocked them over!"

He smiled and held it up, and in the light of the lantern I saw what it was: the "shingle" of a college fraternity, the imposing certificate of my worthy nephew's membership in an undergraduate society!



## Where Rich Men Are Scarce.

THE WORLD'S nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth—where large land-owners are scarce and the small land-owners, who form the vast majority of the population, are of peasant birth and are peasant bred—is Bulgaria, so recently the theater of the latest European shakelings. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a small plot of land, upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor. Large land-owners are all but unknown. The few wealthy men of the country are mostly of foreign birth; and even they, judged according to the standards of other European countries, could scarcely be termed wealthy. There are scarcely fifty men in the rural districts who have net incomes of five thousand dollars per year.

The Bulgarians are a people of the utmost thrift. They are content with plain food; they wear garments of sheepskin from year to year, conforming their attire to the change of season only by turning their coats inside out. Whole families, even those accounted well-to-do, sleep in the same room, and upon mats on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no Anglo-Saxon laborer would tolerate for a week. Bernard Shaw's satirical remark that were a Bulgarian to wash below the neck more than once every fortnight, the health of the individual would be impaired, was not very far-fetched. Yet, notwithstanding the lack of foreign interest in arrangements, the young Bulgarians grow up strong and healthy. As a nation, the Bulgarians are a generous people, looking toward the world either through their own resources or institutions in the light of interference, hence they discourage, as far as possible, all projects on the part of the foreign capitalist in land or business within their territory.



# Amateur Photo Prize Contest

NEW HAMPSHIRE WINS THE FIRST PRIZE OF \$5, MOROCCO THE SECOND, AND HONG-KONG THE THIRD



(SECOND PRIZE, \$5.) THE MERRY WIDOW HAT IN MOROCCO—PEASANT WOMAN AND CHILD.  
*George E. Holt, Morocco.*



THE GAY WHITE WAY MOVING UP-TOWN—LINCOLN SQUARE, AT BROADWAY AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK. A NEW AMUSEMENT CENTER.  
*Randolph Berkimer, New Jersey.*



THE STRANGER TO OUR SHORES—MEMBERS OF ONE FAMILY, MOTHER, FATHER AND TWELVE CHILDREN ARRIVING AT THE IMMIGRANT STATION, ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK.—*James L. Phandel, New York.*



(THIRD PRIZE, \$2.) PRIMITIVE METHOD OF WATERING RICE FIELDS IN CHINA.—*Nora Pearce, Hong-Kong.*



PRINCE MAXAMASINGA (AT RIGHT), OF BATSWA, SOUTH AFRICA, WHO OFFERED TO SUPPORT CHRISTIAN EVANGELISTS WORKING IN HIS REALM.—*Germin & Co.*



(FIRST PRIZE, \$5.) UNIQUE ROADSTERS OF A NEW ENGLAND FARM—BOY—ONLY YORK OF FIGS EVER TRAINED TO HAUL A SLED.  
*Horroon M. Rollins, New Hampshire.*

By David Homer Bates, Author of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"

DAVID HOMER SAYES,  
Cipher operator and manager War  
Department telegraph office,  
Civil War period.

Of the leading generals of that period, but few

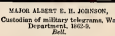
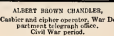
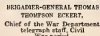
The writer of this article has already recorded, in

The limits of this article will not permit further references to Lincoln's stories, except to quote from the account of my comrade, Mr. Chandler, as follows: "In July, 1864, upon Lincoln's return to the War Department after the battle of Fort Stevens, on both sides of the river, the number of freed slaves and freed slaves was nearly one thousand, but grave and full account of the fighting, and then told two stories, both relating to applications for letters patent. The first device, called a 'hen walker', was intended to prevent hens from scratching up the garden, and consisted of a long pole with a small wheel at one end, so that at each scratch the hen was propelled forward, and so by successive scratches all the way out of the garden. The other device was called a 'double-back-scratcher' hen persuator,' which was so adjusted under the hen's feet, that as each egg she laid it fell into a trap door of iron, and the hen, who, who, who would then be persuaded to lay another egg."

operated

FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPHIC ESTIMATE OF  
THE ELECTORAL VOTE OF 1864—THE ACTUAL  
VOTE WAS LINCOLN, 212; MCCLELLAN, 21.

at a few incidents of minor importance. The occupation of the State of New York was a subject of discussion at the Proclamation at Major Eckert's desk in the War Department telegraph office. At that desk, his favorite subject was the war. He was a general in the army, and in the field, to the war Governors of Northern States. He was a politician, to Mrs. Lincoln when she was absent from Washington, and to parents and friends of soldiers, to the war Governors of Northern States. He was a soldier, or for other violations of army rules. It was at that desk also that, on October 13th, 1864, he was elected to the office of Governor of New York. His remarkable estimate of the election was "drifted" in that estimate he conceded to McClellan "144 votes and allowed himself but 120, thus revealing a very different estimate of the election. His judgment of political and other public questions. McClellan, in fact, received only twenty-one votes—only one of which was from New York, two of which were original slave States. The third vote was the only Northern State whose Legislature had passed resolutions condemning Lincoln's administration.



# Recollections of Lincoln's Last Hours

By Hon. Frederick W. Seward, formerly Assistant Secretary of State of the United States

FORT SUMTER had surrendered on the fourteenth day of April, 1861. Four years of battle had followed. Now the return of that anniversary was accompanied with the advent of peace. It was deemed a proper day to again raise the Union flag on the fort, with appropriate ceremony. This year it happened that the 14th was also Good Friday. Early that morning a messenger from the White House brought a note from Mr. Lincoln to the Acting Secretary of State: "Please call a Cabinet meeting at eleven o'clock to-day. General Grant will be with us."

FREDERICK W. SEWARD, Assistant Secretary of State at the time of Lincoln's assassination, who was nearly killed by one of the assassins.

General Speed, and Postmaster-General Dennison arrived, and the State Department was represented by the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Lincoln, with an expression of visible relief and content upon his face, sat in his study chair by the south window, chatting with them over "the great news." Some curiosity was expressed as to what had become of the heads of the rebel government—whether they would escape from the country or would remain to be captured and tried, and, if tried, what penalty would be visited upon them.

All the gentlemen present thought that, for the sake of general amity and good-will, it was desirable to have as few judicial proceedings as possible. "Yet would it be wise to let the leaders in treason go entirely unpunished? Mr. Speed remarked that it would be a difficult problem if it should occur."

"I suppose, Mr. President," said the Governor Dennison, "you would not be sorry to have them escape out of the country?"

"Wall, sir," Mr. Lincoln slowly, "I should not be sorry to have them out of the country, but I should be for following them up pretty close to make sure of their going."

The conversation turning upon the subject of sleep, Mr. Lincoln remarked that a peculiar dream of the previous night was one that had recurred several times in his life—a vague sense of floating—floating away on some vast and indistinct expanse, toward an unknown shore. The dream itself was not so strange as the coincidences that each of the previous recurrences had been followed by some important event or disaster.

The usual comments were made by his auditors. One thought it was merely a matter of coincidences. Another laughingly remarked, "At any rate, it cannot presage a victory nor a defeat this time, for the war is over." A third suggested, "Perhaps at each of these periods there were possibilities of great change or disaster, and the vague feeling of uncertainty may have led to the dim vision in sleep."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Lincoln thoughtfully, "perhaps that is the explanation."

Mr. Stanton was the last to arrive, and brought with him a large roll of paper upon which he had been at work. General Grant entered, in accordance with the President's invitation, and was received with cordial welcomes and congratulations. He briefly and modestly narrated the incidents of the surrender. Mr. Lincoln's face glowed with approval when, in reply to his inquiry, "What terms did you make for the common soldiers?" General Grant said, "I told them to go back to their homes and families, and they would not be molested if they did nothing more."

Kindly feeling toward the vanquished and hearty desire to restore peace and safety to the South, with as little harm as possible to the feelings or the prop-

erty of its inhabitants, pervaded the whole discussion. At such a meeting, in such a time, there could be but one question—the restoration or re-establishment of the seceded States in their former relations as members of the Federal Union.

The conference was long and earnest, with little diversity of opinion, except as to details. One of the difficulties of the problem was who should be recognized as State authorities. There was a loyal Governor in Virginia, there were military Governors in some of the other States, but the Southern Legislatures were, for the most part, avowedly traitorous. Whether they should be allowed to continue until they committed some new overt act of hostility, whether the Governors should be requested to order new elections, whether such elections should be ordered by the general government—all these were questions raised.

Among many similar expressions of the President was the remark, "We cannot undertake to run State governments in all these Southern States. Their people must do that, though I reckon that, at first, they may do it badly."

The Secretary of War then unrolled his sheets of paper, on which he had drafted the outlines of reconstruction, embodying the President's views, and, as it was understood, those of the other members of the Cabinet. In substance, it was that the machinery of the United States government should be set in motion again in the South, that its laws should be faithfully executed and vigorously enforced, that everything like domestic violence or subversion should be repressed, but that public authorities and private citizens should remain unmolested, if not found in actual hostility to the government of the United States.

It must have been about two o'clock when the Cabinet meeting broke up. At its close, the President remarked that he had been urged to visit the theater that evening, and asked General Grant if he would accompany him. The general excused himself, as he had a previous engagement. The Assistant Secretary of State asked the President at what time it would be convenient for him to receive the new British minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, who had arrived and was awaiting presentation. He paused a moment and replied, "To-morrow, at two o'clock," and then, with a smile, "Don't forget to send up the speeches beforehand—I would like to look them over."

That was the night day since the serious carriage accident to Secretary of State Seward, and that

Night came, and about ten o'clock Dr. Norris, the last of the physicians who called during the evening, had taken his leave. The gas lights were turned low and all was quiet. In the sick-room with the secretary were his daughter Fanny, his physician, his soldier nurse, George T. Robinson. The other members of the family had gone to their respective rooms, to rest before their turn of watching.

There seemed nothing unusual in the occurrence when a tall, well-dressed, but unknown man presented himself below, and, informing the servant that he brought a message from the doctor, was invited to come up the stairs to the door of Seward's room. He was met here by the assistant secretary, who refused him admission, explaining that the sleeping invalid must not be disturbed. He apparently ignored the refusal. When advised to leave his message and go back to report to the doctor, he replied, "Very well, sir, I will go," and, turning away, took two or three steps down the stairs. Suddenly, turning again, he sprang up and forward, having drawn a navy revolver, which he leveled, with a muttered oath, and pulled the trigger.

And now, in swift succession, like the scenes of some hideous dream, came the bloody incidents of the night—the pistol missing fire; of the struggle in the dimly lighted hall between the assassin and the unarmed one; of the blows which broke the pistol of the one and fractured the skull of the other; of the bursting in of the door; of the mad rush of the assassin to the bedside, and his mad grasp for the bowie knife at the face and throat of the helpless secretary, instantly reddening the white bandages with streaks of blood; of the inspiring the invalid soldier nurse to drag the assailant from his victim, receiving sharp wounds himself in return; of the noise made by the awakening of the household, the mad rush with hasty impulse to escape, leaving his work done or undone; of his frantic rush down the stairs, cutting and slashing all whom he found in his way, wounding one in the face and stabbing another in the back; of his escape through the open doorway, and his flight on horseback bound the avenue.

Five minutes later the aroused household were gazing, horrified, at the bleeding faces and figures in their midst, were lifting the inanimate form of the secretary from a pool of blood, and sending for surgical help. Meanwhile, a post-mortem examination was being made, and the assassin was seen, surging in from the street, to the hall and rooms below, vainly inquiring or wildly cursing what had happened. For these, the horrors of the night seemed to culminate, and later comers rushed in with the intelligence that the President had been attacked at the same hour—had been shot at Ford's Theater, had been severely wounded, and was lying there, unconscious and dying.

On the following day Secretary Stanton telegraphed to General Sherman, Washington, April 15th, 1865,

President Lincoln was murdered about 10 o'clock last night in his study at Ford's Theater in this city, by an assassin named John Wilkes Booth, who was killed with a pistol ball. The assassin leaped from the box, and, after a moment's pause, uttered the words, "I am a slave," "I am a slave," "I am a slave," and then fled. "See some tyrants," and that Virginia was spared. Mr. Lincoln fell unconscious, and, continued in that state until twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock, at which time he breathed his last. General Grant was published to be at the theater last night, and about the same time Mr. Seward's horse was entered by another assassin, and was killed. Seward was several places. It is thought he may possibly recover, but his son Frederick will probably die of wounds received from the assassin. Vice-President Johnson now becomes President, and will take the oath of office to-morrow. There is no evidence that an assassin is also on your side, and I beseech you to be more careful than Mr. Lincoln was in his knowledge.

Edwin M. Stanton.

Secretary of War.

The country was plunged in grief. Indeed, the whole civilized world was startled by the news of the bloody crimes at Washington. The war ceased, the mourning for the murdered President. Horrible bulletins of the condition of the Secretary of State gave little hope that he could survive his wounds. The number and the purposes of the conspirators were

(Continued on page 11.)

**UNION NOMINATIONS**

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
ANDREW JOHNSON  
REUBEN E. FENTON  
THOMAS G. ALVORD  
FRANKLIN A. ALBARGER | DAVID P. FORREST  
JOHN W. FARMER  
WILLIAM T. MILLIKEN | JAMES M. THOMSON  
ORLANDO L. STEWART  
ANDREAS WILLMAN

A HISTORIC PHOTO—TABLET ON THE WALL OF THE CLAYTON HOTEL, NEWARK, N.J., SHOWING WHERE LINCOLN DELIVERED A NOTABLE SPEECH FEBRUARY 12TH, 1861, EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON.

A RARE POLITICAL MEMO—PAPER OF THE UNION PARTY IN 1864, REPLYING THE NAMES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS FOR NEW YORK STATE AND OF THE NATIONAL AND STATE CANDIDATES WHO WERE ELECTED FOR THE FOURTH TERM OF THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM IN NEW YORK CITY—H. D. Blount.

TWO INTERESTING REMINDERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

statesman still lay helpless and suffering, his symptoms alternately inspiring hopes of recovery or grave apprehensions that he could not survive. The physicians held frequent consultations; the family took turns in watching at his bedside, and two invalid soldiers were sent to assist in his care. Aggravated pain and inflammation brought on occasional delirium, but, unable to talk, he would intimate his desire to be informed of current events. He essayed to make a suggestion or two in reference to a "Thanksgiving proclamation" and in regard to the relations with Great Britain, but, after enunciating a few words with difficulty, he could not continue. He listened with a look of pleasure to the narration of the events at the Cabinet meeting.





NEW YORK'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME OF LINCOLN ON HIS WAY TO THE  
CAPITOL IN 1861.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN READING HIS FIRST MAJOR  
WASHINGTON, MAR.



THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN,  
FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809.



LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET CONSIDERING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Left to right—Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Abraham Lincoln, President;  
Cobden Welles, Secretary of the Navy; William H. Seward, Secretary of State (in foreground); Caleb B. Smith, Secretary  
of the Interior; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General; Edward Bates, Attorney-General.—By courtesy of New York Independent.



LAST MOMENTS OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT—MEMBERS OF THE CABINET AND OTHER PROMINENT PERSONS SORROWFULLY AWAITING  
THE DEATH OF THE ASSASSIN'S VICTIM.



FORD'S THEATRE AT WASHINGTON IN WHICH  
MR. LINCOLN WAS SHOT BY BOOTS.

## The Triumph and the Tragedy of A

Pictures reproduced from the old files of



FUNERAL ADDRESS ON THE CAPITOL STEPS AT  
MARCH 4TH, 1861.



SECOND INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT AT THE CAPITOL, IN  
WASHINGTON, MARCH 4TH, 1865.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH IN THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE BOX AT FORD'S  
THEATRE, WASHINGTON, APRIL 14TH, 1865—BOOTH ESCAPED AT THE TIME, BUT WAS OVERTAKEN BY  
SOLDIERS IN VIRGINIA, AND WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY SERGEANT BOSTON CORSETT.



LINCOLN'S RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL., BEFORE HIS ELECTION  
TO THE PRESIDENCY.—H. F. Fardner.



HOUSE OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATRE, IN WHICH PRESIDENT  
LINCOLN BREATHED HIS LAST.



SAD AND IMPRESSIVE SCENE—FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AS THEY LAY IN STATE IN THE EAST  
ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, APRIL 19TH, 1865.

## Abraham Lincoln's Wonderful Career

of Leslie's Weekly and copyrighted

# The Man Lincoln As Notable Men Saw Him

## LINCOLN IN HIS HOME STATE.

By Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the National House of Representatives.

I DID NOT have an intimate acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, and yet I feel that I know him well.

I went to Illinois in 1858 and began the practice of law in the same judicial circuit where Mr. Lincoln had practiced for many years, and where he had many clients and intimate friends. In fact, every body in that judicial circuit knew Mr. Lincoln, or knew much about him, so that no man could deny that he was long without feeling that he, too, was acquainted with him.

My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln was in June, 1860, when the Republican State convention was held at Decatur to select delegates to the national convention, and, with a party of Republicans, drove across the prairies to Decatur to attend the convention. The distance was about forty miles, and we traveled in a two-horse farm wagon.

When we drove into Decatur, we were met on the street, one of our party, a man, by the name of Vandoren, said, "There's Abe!" and called out to a tall man on the sidewalk, "Howdy, Abe!" and the tall man responded, with like familiarity, "Howdy, Arch!" A little later one of our party wanted to send a telegram, and we went to the railroad station, where the only telegraph office in that town was located. There we met Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Vandoren expressed surprise at seeing him, and asked if he had come to the convention, being a candidate for President. Lincoln looked at him for a moment, and then, with a drawl, replied, "I'm not too much of a candidate to be here, and not enough of one to stay away."

The convention was held the next day, in what was called a wigwag, though it would hardly be called that now. It was an open space or lot between two buildings. Posts marked the corners, and a rope was strung into the ground at the open ends of the lot, so as to form a support for a roof of green boughs to serve as a shade, and rough boards were placed on short lengths of logs to form the seats. The seats were open. The convention was practically out of doors. I went to the convention and was in the crowd outside the line of supports for the roof of boughs. When after the convention was opened there was a call from the platform to open a passage and let John Hanks and Dick Oglesby through, with two big walnut rails that had been split by Lincoln and Hanks. The crowd surged back to make a passageway for Hanks and Oglesby, and they carried the rails to the platform, where they were placed, with a cotton streamer bearing the legend, "These rails were made by John Hanks and Abraham Lincoln in 1830's."

A little while later in the proceedings there was another announcement, this time from outside, "Mr. Lincoln is here." He had appeared on the outskirts of the crowd, was instantly recognized, and his presence announced to those on the platform. The cry went up to bring him to the platform, but there was then no way of getting through the crowd that filled the whole place and surrounded the platform. But strong and enthusiastic men caught up Mr. Lincoln and literally passed him through the crowd to the platform, while everybody cheered and demanded a speech. When he reached the platform, Mr. Lincoln smiled and bowed, but refused to make a speech and went up the time of the convention. He was asked if he had split the rails that had been brought into the convention, and he replied, "John Hanks split 'em, and I don't know whether they did or not, but we have made many a better one."

I did not see Lincoln again until after the election. He had been chosen President of the United States by the people, and there were many who were in favor of secession, and of assassination before I met him again, but he was the same cordial and seemingly commonplace man of that day in Decatur. I was on a train going from Decatur to Chicago, and met Mr. Lincoln, who was also on the train, going to Charleston to pay a last visit to his stepmother, who lived at Eminington, a few miles from that place. He was, of course, the most distinguished man on the train, and he was constantly surrounded by the other passengers, who desired to shake hands and have a word with him. But he was just as cordial and unassuming to the day coach, in all his bearings. Of his body-guard, and Senator Tom Marshall, of Colorado, was his only traveling companion. I was again introduced, but exchanged only few words with him, because all were anxious to meet him. That was the last time I saw Lincoln. I was not in Washington at any time during his administration. I have, like all Illinois people who met Mr. Lincoln, felt that I knew him well. I became the intimate friend of many who

were intimate with Mr. Lincoln, and from them I do not absorb much of this feeling that I knew the man almost intimately.

The reputation of Mr. Lincoln as a story teller did him some justice, for not only the stories he told, but many that are apocryphal, have given many people an impression that he told stories to be entertaining. Judge David Davis, Governor Richard Oglesby, and other men who were intimately associated with Mr. Lincoln always insisted that he never told a story except to illustrate a point in an argument and make it plain, and never for the love of telling a story or being entertaining. Lincoln's whole life was given to serious consideration of serious problems before the people, and he gave his life to the people not only in the final sacrifice, but in all his daily efforts from the time he enlisted in the Black Hawk War.

## LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS OF HEART.

By General Horace Porter.

MR. LINCOLN'S intellect was so towering, and impressed itself so profoundly upon the American people, that he has not always been given the credit for his remarkable tenderness of heart. A childlike simplicity mingled with the grandeur of his nature. His affection for children was a characteristic trait of his nature. When, during his presidency, his little son, "Tad,"—the boy in whom his deepest affections centered—died, the grief of the father was pathetic in the extreme, and in the next few months ten years seemed to have been added to his age.

Whenever children were brought into his presence, he never failed to take notice of them, speak kindly to them, and write his autograph in the little album. In the memorable words addressed to the sorely bereaved widow, all of whose sons had fallen on the field of battle, there is an outburst of sympathy which makes his letter the most pathetic message ever dictated by a human heart.

His sympathies went forth to animals as well as to his fellow-men. Upon one of his visits to General Grant's headquarters in front of Petersburg, just before the Appomattox campaign began, he stepped into the telegraph operator's tent in company with Colonel Bowers, our Adjutant-General. I was in the tent at the time, and my attention was attracted to three tiny kittens crawling about the floor. The mother cat died, and the little wanderers in their grief were meowing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up tenderly, sat down on a camp chair, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured, "Poor little creatures! Don't cry! You'll be taken good care of."

Then, turning to Bowers, he said, "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of food and cared for kindly."

"I will see that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess and well cared for, Mr. President," replied Bowers. Three times I saw the President go that tent during his short visit, to pick up the little kittens, fondle them, and take out his handkerchief and wipe their eyes as they lay on his lap, purring and chirping. It seemed a strange sight, in the eve of battle, when every one was thinking of the science of destruction, to see the hand that by a stroke of the pen had loosed the shackles of four millions of bondsmen and had in this commission of every officer of that gallant army, from the general-in-chief to the humblest lieutenant, tenderly caring for three tiny kittens. It was a trivial circumstance, but it spoke more eloquently than words of the kindness of his heart.

This tenderness of heart at one time led to the pardon of many named deserters that it became serious, in largely increasing the desertions, and the President had to be remonstrated with by the higher military officers. This was the only manner, however, in which this trait of his nature ever prompted him to shrink from the stern duties of his public position. General Grant once said, in presence of the writer, in commenting upon this characteristic of the President, "I have seen of him, the more he impresses me. Many think, from the gentleness of his character, that he has too yielding a nature, but he has the courage to change his mind when convinced, and this courage has all the tenacity of purpose which could be desired in a great statesman."

## LAST MEETING OF LINCOLN AND SEWARD.

IT WAS a sunny spring afternoon when the department doors were closed, on Wednesday, the fifth of April, and Seward went out for his customary drive, accompanied by his son and daughter, and a close friend of the latter. On their way up Vermont Avenue, the horses, which were young and spirited, took fright and became unmanageable. Seward, in control of the reins, was attempting to spring to the ground, was thrown violently upon the pavement. A crowd gathered to raise him, but found him unconscious. He lay on his back, his head resting on his bed. Physicians were sent for, and Dr. Norris, the army medical director, making a careful examination, found his right shoulder badly dislocated and his jaw broken. Seward was kept in a state of unconsciousness was accompanied with agonizing pain. The surgeon-general and others of the medical staff were summoned, anxious consultations were held, a telegram sent to Mr. Seward, who was at Auburn, and everything practicable done for his relief and comfort. On the following day Mr. Seward came. Nurses and doctors were provided. The dislocation was reduced, but it was found impossible to keep the jaw in position. Fever set in, and grave apprehensions were entertained by his medical attendants that his system would not survive the injuries and the shock.

During the next few days the whispered consultations in the darkened sick-room were occasionally interrupted by his son's cheering and the merry voices of the streets outside. There was much popular anxiety as to "the accident of the Secretary of State," but the newspapers, of course, took a hopeful view and gave assurances that Seward would recover. Meanwhile, the news of the great Union successes, at and around the rebel capital, spread abroad. Improved meetings and processions were being occurring, and all Washington seemed pervaded with exultation. Meantime, when the President returned to Washington, he hastened to visit Seward in his sick chamber. It was in the evening, the gas lights were burning low, and the house was very still, every one moving very softly and speaking in whispers. The injured secretary was helpless and swathed in bandages, on a sick-bed, in the center of the room. The extreme sensitiveness of the wounded arm made even the touch of the bed clothing intolerable. To keep it free from their contact, he was lying on the edge of the bed, farthest from the door, and his hands were turning with kindly expressions of sympathy, at sad down on the bed, by the invalid's side.

"You are here, Richmond!" whispered Seward, and was hardly able to articulate.

"Yes," said Lincoln; "and I think we are near the end at last."

Then, turning his tall form across the bed and resting on his elbow, so as to bring his face near that of the wounded man, he gave him an account of his experiences "at the front," Seward listening with interest, but unable to utter a word. Seward said, "They were left together for half an hour or more, then the door opened softly and Mr. Lincoln came out gently, intimating by a silent look and gesture that Seward lay in bed, and that he was not to be disturbed. It was their last meeting.—From 'Seward at Washington,' by Hon. Frederick W. Seward, formerly Assistant Secretary of State.

## Labor's Big Share of Railway Profits.

"OUT OF every hundred dollars earned by the railroads, only nine dollars go to the owners, the shareholders, representing less than four per cent. on the face value of the securities." This astonishing statement was made recently by W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the Vanderbilt line. He said that the railroads receive more and keep less than any other department of business activity in this country. Out of every hundred dollars earned, only forty dollars are directly paid out to the employees on the pay-rolls of the railroad, eight dollars are expended for fuel, waste, oil, and water; and seven dollars of the balance of the hundred dollars are paid to produce these supplies. Eighteen dollars are paid for steel rails, ties, cars, structural steel work, engines, stationary, and wireless minor supplies. Of the eighteen dollars, approximately sixteen dollars go for labor. Five dollars are paid for paymasters, the important, such as additions to yards, additional tracks, and the like, and one dollar for the cost of the labor. Three dollars go to pay taxes, two dollars for rent of terminals, etc.

Fourteen dollars are paid as interest on bonds which represent the bonded construction, the sum of which amounts to less than an average of four per cent. on the face value of the bonds. Nine dollars go to the owners of the railroads the stockholders—representing only one per cent. of the face value of the stock. One dollar is put into the surplus fund to guard against emergency and for necessary improvements. Thus, out of every hundred dollars earned, approximately one dollar is immediately redistributed, the greater part of which is absorbed by labor. Such small returns on invested capital, and the paucity of contribution to the railroad industry of the country for the greater part of the difficulties under which it operates, least the slightest injustice might cripple beyond remedy the great arteries of the nation's commerce.

Horace Porter



# Winter Scenes in Sunny Southern Lands



SPECTATORS ON THE ROYAL PALM BOAT AT THE FINISH OF AN EXCITING DORY RACE IN SAGUAYE BAY.



STRIPPING BARNACLES FROM THE SHELL OF A HUGE TURTLE, PREPARING HIM FOR EXHIBITION IN THE OPEN-AIR AQUARIUM AT MIAMI, FLA.



SEMINOLE INDIANS, WITH A WEALTH OF HERON FEATHERS AND ALLIGATOR SKIN, POLING THEIR WAY DOWN THE PICTURESCAPE MIAMI RIVER TO DISPOSE OF THEIR STOCK TO WINTER VISITORS AT THE LARGE HOTELS.



BLACK NATIVES OF NASSAU, IN THE BAHAMAS, INDULGING IN THE PRIMITIVE DANCE, KNOWN AS FIRE-SKIPPING, ONE OF THE RELICS OF BARBARISM BROUGHT FROM AFRICA TO THE BRITISH INDIES.



CLOCK GOLF PROVES A FASCINATING AND BEAUTIFUL RECREATION FOR THE LESS ENERGETIC VISITORS TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.



THE FAMOUS BANYAN TREE WHICH HAS BEEN ADMIRER BY THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS VISITING THE QUANT LITTLE CORAL ISLAND OF KEY WEST.



HAVANA'S GATEWAY—ANCIENT AND HISTORIC MORRO CASTLE, THE CHIEF FIGURE IN A PANORAMA OF WONDERFUL BEAUTY.

Photographs by Chamberlain. (See article on page 112.)

# A Ten-day Trip through Three Tropical Countries

WHEN the snow begins to fly and the nipping winds sweep up Fifth Avenue, overtaking the



ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PALM-TREE COASTS OF THE STRETCHES OF COAST WATERS NEAR MIAMI, FLORIDA.

reading, which has been brought to an astonishing point of perfection by Mr. Henry M. Flagler, who has literally bridged half the span between Cuba and America, one can board a train in New York, and in fifty-two hours find himself in a country as different, and with people as foreign, as any that can be found on the other side of the ocean, for it lands one in Havana. But it does not require fifty-two hours, nor half that time, to reach the sun of Florida, where winter clothes are hastily shed for summer ones, and where barefooted boys play about the streets with such apparent enjoyment that one longs to join them.

If one lacks the time, the inclination, or the means for a trip across the Atlantic, a midwinter journey along the edge of that great body of water, dallying here and there for the enjoyment of features which may be of special interest to individuals, is only second to the European trip in educational value and pleasure. In St. Augustine, where the fashionable life of the two huge hotels rivals that of Palm Beach, one should tarry for a day, at least, for a leisurely inspection of old Fort Marion and to enjoy one of the charming drives which lead through stretches of scrub palmetto, to see the well of Ponce de Leon, from which the magic waters are still served to visitors of the quaint old city, whose Spanish origin is apparent in the ancient architecture.

## Lincoln's Hat.

A hat left by Lincoln, in the campaign previous to his election to the presidency, hung for many years in the lobby of the Hotel Palm, at Atlantic City, until recently, when it passed into the possession of a collector of national relics.

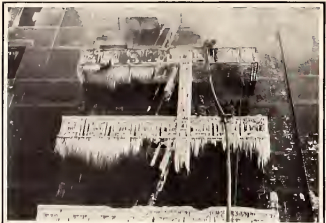
THE relic of a past decade,  
It hangs upon the rack,  
An untried heaver, narrow-brimmed,  
Bell-crowned, and rusty-black,  
Though out of fashion fifty-fall,  
I pray you do not smile,  
But see it with a grave salute,  
For this was Lincoln's tile.

He left it in a hot campaign,  
Long years and green sars,  
Ere Dick's broad savannah heard  
The wild war-battle blow,  
He hoisted it up, and rode away  
One morning from the town,  
To reach a hidden laurel-wood  
Beneath a martyr's crown.

The head it decked was never tilted  
With one ignoble thought,  
The heavy shadow of his brain  
For truth and freedom wrought.  
So always when you cast a vote  
Be very certain that  
The candidate you choose is fit  
To wear it—Lincoln's hat.

MENNA IRVING.

(Continued on page 11.)



A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A 45-DEGREE ANGLE—TYPICAL AT WORK ON THE K-E-COATED FIRE-SCAFFS OF A BUILDING AT HUDSON AND LEONARD STREETS, OCCUPIED BY WHOLESALE FOOD IMPORTERS, WHERE MOST OF THE LOSS OCCURRED.



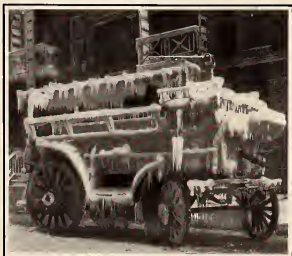
TONS OF WATER THROWN FROM THE MAINS AT HUDSON AND LEONARD STREETS IMMEDIATELY TRANSFORMED INTO SOLID ICE.



RUINS OF A BLOCK ON LOWER BROADWAY WHEN IT WAS OCCUPIED BY MANUFACTURING FIRMS.



A WHOLE BUSINESS BUILDING ON THE HOOKER BLOCKING BY FIRE.



HIGH-PRESSURE ROSE WAGON FROZEN IN A SOLID MASS OF ICE AT ONE OF THE FIRES.

## MARVELOUS EFFICIENCY OF NEW YORK'S HIGH-PRESSURE FIRE SERVICE.

THREE SERIOUS FIRES, COSTING \$1,000,000 DAMAGE, EXTINGUISHED RAPIDLY WITH WATER FROM THE HIGH-PRESSURE MAINS, WITHOUT THE AID OF ANY OF THE FORTY-FIVE FIRE ENGINES CALLED OUT.

Photographs by H. D. Blawett.



A NOTABLE FESTIVAL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

GRAND BANQUET AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE SCOTCH POET, ROBERT BURNS.  
Reproduced from Leslie's Weekly, February 25, 1915, and copyrighted.

#### Life-insurance Suggestions.

(NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A writer should always be inclosed, as a personal reply or sometimes desired advisable. Address: Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 325 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.)

LAST week I called the attention of my readers to the great service life-insurance companies are rendering the state. An excellent example of what one old-line company—the New York Life—is doing will be found in its report, which appears in another column. In it, the president of the company, Darwin P. Kingsley, tells the policyholders a number of facts that should be just as interesting to the general public as to those who carry policies. During the year just passed, nearly fifty million dollars—\$49,191,258.40, to be exact—were paid to policyholders by the New York Life. The fact should not be lost sight of that actual money was paid. Then, too, it was paid when funds were sorely needed. No sacrifice of business or of real estate had to be made. In the case of death losses, beneficiaries were paid a partial equivalent of the earning value of the life prematurely cut short. This attempt to relieve the family from the heavy burden that would fall upon it through no fault of the father, by distributing the burden among a large number of fathers whose lives are not prematurely cut short, is one of the grandest conceptions of the human mind.

#### Didn't Know

COFFEED WAS THE CAUSE.

Many daily habits, particularly of eating and drinking, are formed by following our elders.

"In this way ill health is often fastened upon children. A Georgia lady says: 'I had been allowed to drink coffee ever since I can remember, but even as a child I had a weak stomach, which frequently refused to retain food.'

"The taste of coffee was in my mouth all the time, and was, as I found out later, the cause of the stomach rebelling against food."

"I now see that it was only from following the example of my elders that I formed and continued the miserable habit of drinking coffee. My digestion remained poor, nerves unsteady, frequent headache, and yet I did not suspect the true cause."

"Another trouble was a bad, muddy complexion, for which I spent time and money for creams, massaging, etc., without any results."

"After I was married I was asked to try Postum, as I, would you believe it, I, a old coffee tapper, took to Postum from the very first. We made it right—according to directions on the package—and it had a most delicate flavor, and I at once quit coffee, with the happiest results."

"I now have a perfectly clear, smooth skin, fine digestion, and haven't had a headache in over two years."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Reason: "The Road to Wellville." In packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Best of all, the life-insurance companies have proved beyond the permissibility of doubt that this conception works just as well in practice as in theory. In speaking of the enormous assets of his company—over a half billion dollars—President Kingsley says, "Our assets are large because our liabilities are large. Our liabilities are large because we are doing a large work." Legislators who strike at the work done by life insurance, or who would limit the amount of work done, are, though possibly unintentionally, striking at helpless widows and fatherless children.

K. Oil City, Pa. If you are not insurable elsewhere it would be advisable to continue your policy, though it might be rough better placed.

L. P. Brooklyn, N. Y. If they are twenty-year endowments, and you are offered to continue payment of the premiums and take advantage of the advantages at a time of life when they may be quite welcome.

C. Philadelphia, Pa. The Philadelphia Life and Trust was organized as recently as 1905. From its annual statement it appears to be doing a fairly profitable business. My own preference would be for a larger and older carrier of the same kind.

G. Neche, N. D. I never recommended the Mutual Reserve, first because of its assessment feature, and subsequently because of its checkered career. I doubt if there will be much left for payment of such claims as yours, but whatever there is the receiver must distribute equitably.

M. New Salem, N. D. It seems to me that the consolidation of the companies must work out to the advantage of both, but it has joined forces with a comparatively new enterprise. Everything depends upon the conservatism and ability of the management. I do not regard either of the companies as by any means among the strongest.

J. N. Oil City, Pa. The company has only been organized a few years and its permanent success is yet to be established. It seems to me that the price you quote for the stock is more than you would realize if you offered any for sale. The reputation of the company are very heavy and I see nothing particularly attractive about the original stock of these matters but because I am familiar with the company's condition, for I continue my interest in questions concerning insurance administration rather than finance.

P. Brooklyn, N. Y. At your age, if you are single, you are a life insurance with no benefits to yourself, only to your dependents. A death benefit would be the cheapest. If you desire to have a life insurance, the best plan is to accumulate funds, a twenty-year endowment at your age would be best. If you will take your age and write to "Dependent's Prudential Life, Newark, N. J., and ask for sample copy of the standard life and endowment policies they will be promptly sent you without charge and will help to enlighten you."

#### Recent Deaths of Noted Persons.

R. T. REV. BERNARD J. M'QUAID, Bishop of Rochester, founder of Seton Hall College, noted theologian, writer, at Rochester, N. Y., January 18th, aged 86.

Thomas William Coke, second Earl of Leicester, at Wills, Norfolk, England, January 24th, aged 66.

General Stefano Canzio, famous follower of Garibaldi, at Cenos, Italy, January 15th, aged 72.

Commander Jefferson Brown, U. S. N., retired, ad of Admiral Farragut in Civil War, at Brooklyn, N. Y., January 17th, aged 67.

Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Harris, secretary of Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, noted divine, at New York, January 24th, aged 67.

General William P. Craighill, prominent civil and military engineer, Civil War veteran, at Charleston, W. Va., January 18th, aged 76.

Most Rev. Arthur Sweetnam, Archbishop of Toronto, and Primate of all Canada, at Toronto, Ont., January 24, aged 64.

Maria de Macchi, Italy's most famous dramatic soprano, at Milan, January 18th, aged 41.

## Like Legal Tender

A package of Uneeda Biscuit is always a fair exchange for its cost, because Uneeda Biscuit are the best of all soda crackers. They are not expensive; on the contrary, Uneeda Biscuit is one of the least expensive of foods. There is no waste. There is most nourishment. Always fresh and crisp. Never stale. No broken crackers. Always whole and inviting. There can be no better soda crackers than

Uneeda Biscuit

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## About That California Trip

The Overland Limited is the preferred train for first-class travel to California. Carries standard sleepers only. Its route is via Omaha and Ogden. Leaves Union Station, Chicago, 6:05 p. m., daily, via the

Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Another train via this route at 10:10 p. m. daily. Carries both standard and tourist sleepers. \$7 for double berth in tourist sleeper from Chicago to California.

Personally conducted tourist car parties to California via Kansas City leave Union Station, Chicago, 10:10 p. m. Wednesdays and Fridays.

COMPLETE INFORMATION FREE

F. A. MILLER  
General Passenger Agent  
Chicago

GEO. A. BLAIR  
General Eastern Agent  
381 Broadway, New York

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

No. 43  
T. A. B. Secretary

#### Bind Your Copies of Leslie's

An excellent binder for fifty-two copies will be sent postpaid for \$1.50. Write to-day for one.

THE JUDGE CO.  
225 Fifth Avenue New York















# \$15 Elgin or Waltham



Watch for  
\$7.75

14 K gold filled  
case guaranteed 20  
years.  
Kept in order  
free 5 years.

We have  
bought several  
large stocks of  
these watches  
direct to the user.

As long as they last you can save  
\$7.25, the jobber's and retailer's profit  
on a \$15 watch.

Don't doubt this remarkable value.  
See the watch yourself. You run no  
risk. We will send it subject to your  
examination. If not satisfactory we'll  
refund your money without question.

**Movement.**—Elgin or Waltham, solid nickel,  
7 fine ruby jewels, exposed mains, cut expansion  
balance, Breguet hair spring, polished regulator,  
display winding works, patent self-locking setting  
device, snap second dial, dust ring damperless  
plates.

**Case.**—Made by one of the largest manufacturers  
in America, guaranteed by the makers and  
us to wear at least 20 years.

State whether you want Hunting or Open  
Face, plain, polished, or engraved case, and what  
size, ladies or gentlemen's.

Remember every word in this offer is backed  
up by a house in business for 75 years.

Ask for our booklet T, whenever you order the  
watch order.

JOSEPH AND JOHNSON,

Established 1868.

40-42 West 10th Street, Cincinnati, O.

**SUPERBA**  
**CRAVATS & SOX**

When you buy a pair of **SUPERBA CRAVATS** or a pair of **SUPERBA SOX**, you invest in one of the best goods in the world. They are made of the finest materials, and are guaranteed to last for years. They are also very comfortable to wear, and are a great help to the health of the neck and feet.

**Superba Cravats** are made of the finest materials, and are guaranteed to last for years. They are also very comfortable to wear, and are a great help to the health of the neck.

**Superba Sox** are made of the finest materials, and are guaranteed to last for years. They are also very comfortable to wear, and are a great help to the health of the feet.

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## In the World of Skill and Brain.

(Continued from page 111)

League season on April 14th. Managers of other big league teams will doubtless pay close attention to the result of the Cleveland experiment. LARRY claims that the exhibition games played on the way North by the Naps last year had a bad effect on the condition of his players. While some money can be made by playing games on the way North, all the big league clubs are after condition and not dollars before the opening of the season. If the condition is acquired, the money will come all right after the season opens and the teams jump in to play winning ball. For that reason LARRY's scheme is of great interest to the other clubs.

No little excitement was caused by the rumor that Finkler, the Cubs' short-stop and one of the greatest ball players of today, might be sold to McCreary for his Giants. Maybe, but why not have Chance Brown in Brown for good measure? It is so likely that the Chicago Cubs will assist McCreary in his fight to wrest the pennant from his next year.

The recent election of president of the New York Athletic Club was one of the closest in the history of that popular organization. James H. Haslin, with a vote of 970, barely defeated George T. Wilson, his rival, by six votes. The remainder of the ticket elected was: Vice-president, Edwin J. Benson; secretary, Charles L. Burnham; treasurer, Martin B. Finkler; captain, Jeremiah T. Mahoney; and governors to serve two years, R. H. Goffe, Mortimer Bishop, Robert C. Kammerer, J. W. De Aguerre, Louis Bender, Winfield E. Hinsdale, John Jerome Kelly, and Dr. William J. Pulley. Mr. Haslin has served for sixteen years as a governor of the club, and it was largely through his efforts that the new hour at Travers Island was rebuilt after the old one was destroyed by fire.

It is now a settled fact that both the American and the National leagues will use the double-umpire system next season. Fulliam has already seven men under contract, and Johnson has a full roster. The rival leagues will employ different methods in using the double-umpire system. In the American League the umpires will alternate every day, while in the National League some of the umpires will always work in the field and the others will maintain their positions behind the bat.

Bowerman will probably play first base for Boston's next year, instead of wearing the catcher's mask. The coming season the American

## Old-Willow Ware Dinner-Set Without Cost!

Just think—you can get this beautiful \$10.00 Dinner-Set and it won't cost you a cent! Here's the explanation: dealing direct with our Manufacturers, making it possible to give away only a little more than it costs to make. We have a large stock of this beautiful dinner-set in strong proof that the Larkin Line—Factory-to-Home—is a practical, money-saving plan.

Now, a retail dealer sends most of his goods from a wholesaler and the wholesaler gets them from a jobber. So you see, three dealers stand between you and the goods. You pay for each one to see what they really cost. Larkin Factory-to-Home gets them from the manufacturer and sends them direct to you. You save the cost of the three dealers.

There are over 200 Larkin Products. They include Lard Dishes, Tea and Toilet Sets, Preserves, and more than 200 other goods. You can get a \$10.00 dinner-set worth \$15.00. We give in addition a Premium that would cost you \$10.00 at a store—Larkin Products, Premium No. 1500.

### NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

To prove the real worth of all our goods, we will send you a \$10.00 credit for \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products. Customers may return the goods at any time, and then pay if pleased.

**FREE** Our new colored illustrated business book, "Great for You," will be sent you free of charge. Customers may return the goods at any time, and then pay if pleased.

**SEND COUPON AT ONCE.**

49-500 Old Willow Cottage, Larkin Products, Inc.,  
Covina with \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

**Larkin Co.**  
Established 1851. BUFFALO, N. Y.

**FILL IN—CUT HERE—MAIL TODAY**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Country \_\_\_\_\_



## "The World's Best Table Water."

Now ready, 1885 edition of the famous "Richards' Floor-Almanac," the hit of 1884. Beautifully bound and illustrated business book. Great for You. Address: Wm. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., U.S.A.

about the playing of his game, but it should prove a failure, we trust that Clark will not give up in despair. He might add a few potted plants around the pitcher's box, and a few chairs on the coaching lines, and give the home plate.

It is rumored that President Fulliam, of the National League, is again thinking of retiring. Good joke! but Madam Patti rather overdid that sort of press work some years ago.

The staff of umpires in the National League for 1909 will include Harry Truly, who weighs two hundred pounds and is a boxer. It will be worth double the usual price of admission to see Mr.

It is pleasing to note the great article that have been made by the firm of H. W. Goffe & Co., manufacturer of the celebrated "Superba" Cravats and Sox. These goods have enjoyed a popular demand for the last several years. The reason for this is not because they can be had in the same color combinations as the other goods, but because they are made of the finest materials, and are guaranteed to last for years.

"Superba" Sox retail at \$5.00 the pair and Cravats at \$10.00 the pair. They are made of the finest materials, and are guaranteed to last for years.

Another Gold Medal for the Prudential.

PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY RECEIVES HIGHEST AWARD FOR FIRE EXHIBIT AT INSURANCE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

Moscow, N. Y.—The Prudential Insurance Company has received a gold medal for its exhibit of charts and diagrams at the International Convention of the Prudential Insurance Company, held in Washington, D. C.

The exhibit of the Prudential Insurance Company is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the public. It is a collection of charts, diagrams, and illustrations, which are arranged in a logical and systematic manner. The exhibit is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the public, and is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the public.

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MEKE DORRIN, THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS, AS AN ACTOR, SELECTED BY A WESTERN ARTIST.

League will open two days earlier than the National League, their first game being played on Monday, April 12th. In the American League the opening games will be played between the Yankees and the Senators in Washington, the Red Sox and the Athletics at Philadelphia, the Cleveland and the Browns in St. Louis, and the White Sox and the Tigers at Detroit.

In the National League the Brooklyn will open with the Giants at the Polo Grounds, the Philadelphia at the champion Cubs in Chicago, and the Pirates will meet the Reds at Cincinnati.

Clark Griffith, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, has changed the color of the traveling uniforms from gray to blue, and will have the grand-stained painted green. We are unable to figure out just how this unique color scheme is going to

trouble his first argument with either McGraw, Chance, or Fred Clarke. Members of the Yacht Owners' Association of the Chicago Yacht Club have decided to start the Mackinac cruisers Saturday in July. A special committee is to be named to enter into correspondence with the various yacht clubs of the lower lakes and Canada, with a view to securing entries of outside craft for the long race.

"Good Ole" Dan McGann, former captain of the Giants and later the Boston first baseman, has been sold to Milwaukee. Thus the National League has good-bye to another old-timer and one great player. Jack Hamilton, who has been tried by both New York and Boston, has been sold to the Philadelphia Nationals.

The Secret of Shaving.

A VETERAN barber says that the secret of a good shave is to use good soap. His motto is "Well lathered, half shaved." A good soap prevents redness and pimples, keeps the skin smooth and the beard soft. A sample of the famous Williams' Shaving Soap, enough for fifty shaves, will be sent to any reader of LESLIE'S WEEKLY who will send for it inclosing four cents in stamps to the J. B. Williams Co., Department A, Gloucester, Conn., and mention LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

**Shaving Soap**

Judge a Shaving Stick by its lather.  
That's the crucial test that proves the  
supremacy of Williams'.

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.



# A PLAIN TALK WITH THE POLICY-HOLDERS

OF THE

# New-York Life Insurance Co.

346 Broadway, New York

## SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

### To Policy-holders:

One year ago the Company consisted of people insured under about \$80,000 policies, citizens of every considerable country. They were under definite contracts with each other which called for scientific co-operation and mutual protection. They had paid such sums into a common fund that all their matured obligations had then been met, and, on January 1st, 1908, against an ultimate average obligation of about \$2,000 per policy, there was accumulated about \$525. The membership was under definite contracts duly to provide the difference between the sums accumulated and the sums ultimately due.

What happened during 1908? You directly reached and relieved the beneficiaries under 9,000 policies when their chief resource had been taken away by death; your relief went into the 46 states and 6 territories of the United States, and into 44 other countries. The total of this relief, as expressed in money, was \$22,131,290.77. But that is only a part of the story. You sent these families, not property, but money; you reached them immediately and just when need was greatest. In doing that you really did more. You did what no other organized body of men could do, except those similarly organized. You paid to these beneficiaries a partial equivalent for the property value of lives cut off prematurely.

Most insuring persons are young. They have strength of body, a reasonable mental equipment and an average training. When they assume the obligations of home and children they, in effect, make a contract with society, but the burden of that contract for a time is on society. They are themselves their chief asset. But the bank will loan no money on that asset when life is extinct, and very little when life is at its full. If that asset fails, these men default to society, and society has no remedy except the orphanage and the reformatory.

A large portion of the death-claims of 1908 represented the salvage of the one really valuable asset which these families had,—a resource which, by all the ordinary rules of business, was totally lost. These payments prevented social defaults and to that extent made the orphanage and the reformatory unnecessary.

It is worth while for you, as policy-holders, to know something of the other things which you accomplished in the year 1908. You paid in all to your own membership, \$49,191,258.40. This total includes death-claims, annuities, dividends, maturing endowments, maturing deferred dividend policies and surrender value for contracts sold to the Company. You loaned to your own membership, on the security of their own policies, \$28,000,000. For your own protection, you increased the general funds of the Company (book values) by about \$42,000,000. This increased the security behind each average ultimate policy obligation by about \$46.

All this represents mutual help of the first order. Compare it with your other investments and your other activities in 1908. Did you do any better

work during the year? Was it not worth while? Would you not like to see more of it done by your Company in 1909? Would not an almost unlimited amount of such work carefully and effectively done be a public benefit?

### How Your Work Is Limited.

But here a curious condition confronts you. In the extent of your work, and in that alone, you are not advancing. For example, in 1908, you issued about 65,000 new policies, and from various causes you lost 65,000. It is a startling fact, that if you had taken into your ranks in 1908 enough new members to make good the number that dropped out, making no growth whatever, you or your representatives would have violated the criminal law of New York State. Notwithstanding the high character of all you did in 1908, notwithstanding your willingness and ability to do more of it, the laws of New York State are such that your Company near the close of the year had to slow down the busy wheels or risk committing a misdemeanor.

This particular law—Section 96 of the Insurance Laws of New York—has been in full force for two years. It places an arbitrary limitation on the legitimate activities of life insurance men. Its direct effect on your Company has been the reduction of a plant capable of insuring 150,000 people a year to a plant insuring less than 65,000 people a year. It has reduced our outstanding business about \$68,000,000 and reduced the number of families protected by our bill by about 20,000.

I call your attention to the general facts contained in the Balance Sheet and statement of Income and Disbursements attached hereto. I think you will there read the answer to the query that uninformed people so often make, "Why do life insurance companies need such great accumulations of money?"

Our ultimate obligations at their face value approach two thousand million dollars; our assets for all purposes (market values) are about five hundred and fifty-seven millions. Every dollar of those assets is absolutely necessary under a clearly defined program in order to liquidate our liabilities, both actual and contingent. Our assets are large because our liabilities are large. Our liabilities are large because we are doing a large work of the kind I have described.

Study the figures attached. Study them as you would the balance sheet of your own business. Commend or criticize them if they deserve either. But, above all, observe what a far-reaching, equitable and enduring program of self-help you are a part of in the daily work of the New-York Life.

*John P. Thompson*  
President.

New York, Jan. 14, 1909.

### Balance Sheet, January 1, 1909

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
1. Real Estate . . . . .	\$12,645,996.97	1. Policy Reserve . . . . .	\$459,209,411.00
2. Loans on Mortgages . . . . .	88,706,413.36	2. Other Policy Liabilities . . . . .	6,357,583.57
3. Loans on Policies . . . . .	87,316,641.44	3. Premiums and Interest prepaid . . . . .	2,768,130.84
4. Loans on Collateral . . . . .	500,000.00	4. Commissions, Salaries, etc. . . . .	1,011,983.34
5. Bonds (market vals. Dec. 31, 1908) . . . . .	375,516,651.02	5. Dividends payable in 1909 . . . . .	7,602,905.16
6. Cash . . . . .	9,124,131.44	6. Additional Reserve on Policies . . . . .	3,129,402.00
7. Renewal Premiums . . . . .	7,413,992.69	7. Reserve for deferred Dividends . . . . .	67,181,561.00
8. Interest and Rents due and accrued . . . . .	6,062,846.84	8. Reserves for other purposes . . . . .	10,030,633.85
Total, . . . . .	\$557,286,670.76	Total, . . . . .	\$557,286,670.76
INCOME, 1908		DISBURSEMENTS, 1908	
Premiums:		Payments to Policy-holders:	
On New Policies, . . . . .	\$5,424,856.35	Death Losses, . . . . .	\$22,131,290.77
On Renewed Policies, . . . . .	72,069,813.64	To Living Policy-holders, . . . . .	27,059,967.63
Annuities, etc., . . . . .	964,255.51	Paid to Beneficiaries under installment contracts, . . . . .	154,801.80
Interest and Rents, . . . . .	23,352,186.86	Paid to Agents and Medical Examiners, . . . . .	4,320,657.72
Other Income, . . . . .	624,882.13	Taxes, Licenses and Insurance Dept. Fees, . . . . .	962,385.25
Total, . . . . .	\$102,435,994.29	Other Disbursements, including Real Estate Expenses and Taxes, . . . . .	5,542,906.08
		For Reserves to meet Policy Obligations, . . . . .	42,263,985.04
		Total, . . . . .	\$102,435,994.29